Vol. I Chicago, Illinois, September, 1924 No. 6

The Liberal

"When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on!"

—The Wayside Pulpit.

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The Peoples Church

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DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

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"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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"Truth is beautiful and divine no matter its origin; it is the same in the musty boiler-room as it is in the glorious stars of heaven."

—Michael Pupin.

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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ON GETTING AN EDUCATION

The other day I had occasion to go down to the Isle of Pines where the hotel is located. As I stepped from my boat to the dock I noticed several young people of High School age. While in conversation with them I asked, "hasn't your school opened yet?" "Oh, yes," one of them replied, "but we are hay-fever victims and we have to stay here until late in the fall but we will make up the work we are missing before June." That is what many of us older folk are doing and will have to do throughout life—make up for the things we missed in the early years. There is probably no more universal regret that continually is being expressed as the years increase than that so frequently heard, "I m sorry I left school before I was through."

September is the month of beginning in matters of education. With many it is the time of their first steps in education and with others the beginning of the end which comes in June. All over America legions of youth are treading well worn paths up to the doors of our educational institutions. The future of America is all to be found within their hearts, their heads and their hands. The United States of Tomorrow is irrevocably to be exactly what the youngsters of today choose to make it. Our destiny is in their contributions. Theirs is a great responsibility and likewise an unprecedented opportunity. They will not fail. They may stumble and falter at times but they will triumph in the end. I hold a brief for youth. I believe in them. I am for them body and soul. I have very little sympathy for the attitude of so many of the older generation towards the younger generation. It is my faith in the youth of today that keeps me from thinking of a chaotic and stricken future that so many glibly prophesy. There will be presidents, statesmen, scientists, preachers, authors, actors, artisans, artists, editors and inventors as great in the years that are yet unborn as there have been in the past. Rest assured of that. The calamity howlers and libellers of youth today will live long enough to see that time if they are spared for another quarter of a century. One of the reasons why I am desirous of a long life is the great joy it will give me to see these young people of today make good. For every Loeb or Leopold in our Universities I will show you ten thousand splendid examples of young manhood, for every painted, flighty, pleasure tainted girl I will show you a thousand potential mothers who can be trusted with the rearing of future generations.

The young people of today are different from the young of other days only in a few particulars. Youth is pretty much alike in every age and clime. Our youngsters of today are not so credulous as the elders of this generation were when they were young. They are not so ready and willing to accept things. They want to know the why and the wherefor. They are interested in the reason. They do not shut their eyes, stop their ears and open up their mouths about life. They want to know first, and you must win them, if win them you do, on this basis. This is their great attraction. You think they are not serious, or thoughtful or religious. They are, supremely so. Underneath all of their exuberance and spirit, their vivaciousness and energy, you will discover if you look deeply enough, a great tendency to take life seriously. Their problems are real and exceedingly complicated. Their

burdens are just as heavy as yours in comparison and their troubles and worries just as vital. It is about time that we stop condemning, finding fault, criticising and ridiculing our youth and begin to make an effort at understanding them and their view point. They are suspicious of us now. They rebel at our steady efforts to preach at them, moralize over them, advise them and reform them. They are defiant rebels, these flippant youngsters of ours. You cannot drive them nor coerce them, but you can do anything with them if you go about it rightly. It seems to me as I remember now that a certain man I know better than anyone else in the world was just about like that when he was much younger than he is today. There is one thing that I am quite certain about when I think of the youth of today and that is the facilities all about making it easier for them to fail. The worthless and useless in contemporary life are rather attractively and enticingly portrayed. Unless they have someone who understands the difference between cheap flittering tinsel and pure gold they are apt to be deceived. One thing we are sure of and that is, the utter lack of perspective in youth. Much of their disheartening attitude is explained by this condition. It is difficult for youth to realize the importance of immediate conduct in its relationship to the future. Youth rather forgets that there is a tomorrow. If we who assume to be the mentors could only discover someway to project their vision so that they could clearly see consequences the biggest battle would be won; I think that there has been too much of a tendency to ignore the opinions of young people concerning matters that we usually look only to maturity as embracing any value. They are usually the most opinionated of mortals. They are quite certain of their likes and dislikes. There surely is a bigotry of youth that makes the problem all the more interesting. The rapidity with which they can leap from one attitude to another is a surprising feat of agility. It is wonderful and God bless them. They are on the way and are reasonably certain that they know where they are going.

Most of our young people are ardently and honestly desirous of an education. There are the dangerous years in their Mid-High School life to be safely lived over. Sometimes economic and other causes bar the way and education is broken off but if they persist a little while longer university and college claim them as their own. They are keen in observation and they see around them the rewards given to trained minds and honest hearts. They always have a hero. Someone who is only themselves doing the thing that they want to do. It is a great responsibility to be someone's hero! But you cannot deceive them long. They detect the genuine from the spurious much more rapidly than older people. Children and dogs are seldom wrong in their appraisal of character. I am always suspicious of an individual if young people turn from them or my dog growls as they pass by.

Modern education has a tendency to determine valuations. It helps us in learning where to place the emphasis. Young people need this more than anything else, we do not want to make them old before their time. That is always a tragedy. They will come to that soon enough. We want them to keep their youth as long as possible but what we do want is to secure a happy maturity by a well regulated youth. Any school, any subject, any religion, any companion, any teacher, any friend, any poem or any picture that can help them do this is a part of getting an education. It isn't books or subjects or facts alone that give one an education. Getting an education is much more than these things. The true education touches the whole individual with an upward impulse. The spiritual values are ever uppermost.

I look over young people with a feeling of hope and joy. They inspire me immeasurably. They are my most honest critics and they are seldom hypocrites. They have very little veneer. What they are,

they are and they leave one with little room for doubt. I worry at times about their morals or rather their conception of morality but perhaps my anxiety is slightly unnecessary. They evidence in the critical moments a high regard for what their most severe antagonists call the, "old moralities". They may talk rather loosely but the younger generation love to talk and are delighted at their genius for giving us a shock. Really, they are merely acting a part that has been assigned them thru the attitude of some of their elders. I haven't given them up for one minute. They are not going to fail us. Thousands of them are at work, as I write tonight, preparing for tomorrow's recitations. They are going thru.

I know no better ideal of education than that expressed by the late Louis H. Sullivan in his splendid book,"The Autobiography of an Idea." Mr. Sullivan was an architect and a philosopher. I remember talking with him once in the Cliff Dwellers Club about my dream of a building for the Peoples Church. His idea of a suitable home for our church I am going to give you sometime. The building would be more than a building. It would have a soul—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Mr. Sullivan says, "This is the crisis where democratic education, recognizing it as such, shall attain to its first main objective in fixing sound character, in alert intensive training of the native power to feel straight, to think straight, to act straight, to encourage pride in well doing, to make so clear the moral nature of choice that the individual may visualize the responsibilities involved in the consequences of choice; to train the imagination in constructive foresight, in the feeling for real things, in the uses of sentiment, of emotion, in the physical and the spiritual joy of living; to stabilize the gregarious into the social sense; to set forth the dignity of the ego and all egos.

Here is your ideal, young people. What can we do to help you on the way?

MR. BROWN OF LAKEVIEW— A TRIBUTE

The household was at breakfast in the breakfast nook of Arden Lodge on Black Duck Island when the the mail boat arrived. The coming of the mail is always a momentous event. It is completely comparable to the arrival of the only daily train in a small village. All are aglow with enthusiasm and tingling with expectancy. Soon the mail had been brought up from the dock and distributed to the various recipients. Quietness reigned as each read their letters. News or messages of mutual interest would be told enthusiastically to the others. On the morning of which I write one of those letters contained a message which saddened our hearts. A graduate in a recent class of Lake View High School, Chicago had written to another graduate of the same school the words—"Mr. Brown is dead." I have seen the effect of sorrow trace its markings on many a human face but rarely have I ever witnessed a message of sorrow more expressively implant itself on a countenance than I did when that Lake View graduate read those words. Another graduate of old Lakeview sat at that table and heard them read. Tears broke thru in spite of obvious efforts to hold them back and rolled down the checks of those two young people. They had both been "his children." I wish every teacher in America could read the letter by that graduate to another. It was the most honest expression of youth I have ever read or heard. No careful seeking for choice words, no studied effort at rhetorical effect, no knowledge suggested that others eyes than to whom it was written would ever see it, no, it was just the spontaneous outburst

of a grief stricken heart of youth. One sentence lingers with me as I write these lines. In that sentence the character of B. F. Brown is accurately displayed. This student wrote, "He seemed like a father to me". What a perfect tribute!

It is quite true that modern educators are placing less and less emphasis on their profession as possessing paternal characteristics. This may harmonize with the newer ideals of college and university pedagogy but it certainly never ought to be true of teachers in High or Public Schools. The public schools have your children more of their conscious hours than you have them and surely the personalities that they come in contact with during those hours should be more than simply study guides or disseminators of facts. The personality of a teacher makes a more endurable impression on the life of a pupil than any rule of mathematics, construction of grammer, principle of science or fact of history that they teach. The acquisition of knowledge is the least of all in education. No matter how technically perfect may be the training of the teacher, no matter how they have mastered their subject, if they have lost the view point of youth and have no sympathethic understanding of the bigger problems of their pupils they are utterly useless as teachers. No pupil ever learned one worth while thing from a teacher for whom they had no respect. Teachers always think they know so much about their pupils—if they only knew how much their pupils know about them.

Mr. Brown of Lakeview had the necessary faculty of all great educators. He knew how to inspire the love of his pupils. No teacher ever succeeded without it. For several years I have been closely in touch with the activities of Lakeview High School. I have known Mr. Brown to carry in his heart great problems. There have been moments of intense uneasiness. But when something was going wrongly and students were involved a heart to heart talk with Mr. Brown in the 'office' always brought everything out all right. With those kindly eyes and winsomeness of spirit together with his inevitable appeal, 'for the honor of old Lakeview' the heart of the most obstinate and defying pupil would melt into obedience. No one ever left from an interview with him without being the better. He did-no t moralize or 'preach' or condemn or manifest that superior attitude so many teachers assume, nor did he speak lightly of a pupils home as one teacher did in a Chicago High School, when before a class she accused a student of 'being brought up in a barn'. These were not his methods. He had a better way and because he did thousands of former and hundreds of present Lakeview students have been touched with an unutterable sorrow. They will remember him when everything they learned in the text books is forgotten.

The last commencement at Lakeview which I attended was in June 1923. Perhaps nothing which occurs in an educational institution so reveals the soul of it as the commencement. I understood Mr. Brown and his influence that night. When the class program, the music, the speeches were all over he stepped quietly from his seat to the center of the stage at Lakeview. The big auditorium was hushed by the power of his personality. There was an eloquent tribute of intense silence. Every heart in that graduating class of 285 young people was touched with the sorrow of separation and every throat was tightening with the chords of parting. They knew that Mr. Brown would give the real valedictory. Even then he was not very well and I thought he appeared somewhat tired. The public is sometimes inconsiderate of its servants. We might have our worth while men with us longer if the public would only be a little more unselfish. His first sentence that night was. 'Well, young people, there isn't much left for me to say, except 'good-bye.' But the words with which he closed his 'good-bye' were more valuable than the labored and studied efforts of many orators. They came right out of his heart.

They throbbed with only one anxiety. 'You young people must not fail us, your parents and Lakeview. We have done all we could. It is your turn.' Before he closed he read these beautiful lines of John Oxenham:

"To every man there openeth,
A way and ways and a way.
The high soul takes the high way,

And the low soul takes the low.
And in between on the misty flats
The rest move to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A highway and a low
And every man decideth
Which way his soul shall go".

There were tears,-tears in every eye. It was like the close of a great religious service. It was a great religious service. Then he called the student who wrote the words of the class song to the platform and had him sing with the class the song which was their very own. It was over. Another class from Lakeview had gone out into the world. Every member of that class and every class graduating under Mr. Brown will be a better citizen, a better parent and a better man or woman because of the influence of their beloved Principal.

His passing has left a vacancy which never can be filled. Such men leave no successors. Lakeview High will never grow old enough to forget him. The children's children of his 'children' will feel the radiance of his life. Whenever they sing that spirited school song over there in that busy place on Ashland and Irving Park he who sleeps nearby will be all the more rested and happy if he knows that all really mean the words they use when the place that knew him so well reverberates with that best of all school songs:-

"Wer'e loyal to you, old Lakeview".

"THE NEEDS OF LIBERALISM"

Stenographic report of the Boston address of Dr. Bradley. Delivered Tremont Temple, May, 1924. Dr. Eliot Presiding. Reported by Mr. Frank L. Burt.

The PRESIDENT. There was another happy event of the past year. One of the large popular religious gatherings, gatherings of free Christian people, in Chicago, The Peoples Church, has also entered the Unitarian Fellowship under the lead of its eloquent Minister. I suspect that Dr. Bradley preaches to the largest congregation that exists anywhere in the Unitarian flock. I ask you to greet the minister of the Peoples Church in Chicago—Dr. Bradley.

(Applause)

ADDRESS OF REV. PRESTON BRADLEY,

Mr.President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Inasmuch as it is now eight minutes over the time that I am supposed to be through, my speech is made. (Laughter). I am in the position of the old lady that was rather deaf and she wore an old-fashioned ear trumpet, shaped like a horn. She went to her Scotch kirk to service one day and they had a new sexton, and he didn't like the looks of that ear trumpet. The decorum of the audience was his responsibility. Finally he seated her down near the front and once or twice before the service started he went down and took a good look at that trumpet. Finally it got the better of him

and he went back and leaned over and whispered to her and said 'one toot, an' ye're oot!" (Laughter).

That is precisely the situation that I am in today. It is a tragic infliction on a man who never preaches less than an hour (laughter) to ask him to make a shorter address. But I have come a thousand miles to say what is upon my heart and I shall say it within the time that is alloted to me.

There are some things that I would like to say that I might hesitate in saying, did I not realize that one of the fundamental things about the Unitarian Fellowship, as it has impressed me and as it was enunciated by Dr. Eliot, is its ideal of tolerance. I have been a little afraid to talk to Unitarian groups since I preached the annual sermon of the Western Unitarian Conference. On my way to the pulpit that evening I heard a gentleman whisper as I passed up the aisle, 'I am always suspicious of a man that has an audience.' (Laughter) That man is a good Unitarian minister in the Western Conference, with a splendid audience of thirty-five in a city of over fifty thousand. (Laughter). And he was suspicious of any man who had an audience.

I think that all Unitarianism needs today to become the greatest crystallized movement of liberality the world has ever seen is men who believe that religion is a personal thing, and if it is a personal thing you have to reach people. (Applause.) So I have just been a little hesitant about saying some things that I felt ought to be said, because they might think that I was very presumptuous. And yet the thing that has attracted me most in the Unitarian Fellowship was very clearly stated by the preceding speaker. In the first place, for the first time in the history of liberalism in America we are on the offensive. And when I began to study the development of this offensive movement in religion, I discovered that it had its source largely in the belligerent attitude of the Unitarian press, with particular reference to some of the things that The Christian Register had said. (Applause.) Our people out there in the West rather liked that attitude. I respect a man's opinion when I detect that that opinion is his honest conviction, and so does every one else on all matters except religion. But as I see it now, this issue in America has been very definitely crystallized into two separate and distinct positions. And the reason why two years ago I personally made the step myself, and then my church unanimously went in last year, was due to the fact that there could be a co-ordination of the whole liberal ideal and that we would be able to make an impression upon contemporary life; that if religion was to be a transforming and edifying process of human society, it necessarily did not need the old emphasis or the old motives of being good for fear of punishment in some other world; that you could inspire a high moral standard on the part of the people of this world by emphasizing this truth—that goodness is its own reward here and now (applause), and that there never has been a good deed that has gone unrewarded in this world, nor an evil deed that has gone unpunished in this world.

And so we do not need in our contemporary liberty as regards our present emergency, the old emphasis of supernaturalism and fear, but we can entertain the scientific attitude toward every problem of morality and religion, and in that scientific attitude we can discover sufficient impetus on the part of those who come to hear us that we can inspire and urge them into higher moral action. That is where liberalism is the logical wining process for the world. We are beginning to see these days that there is a certain danger to under-organization; there is a certain danger to being under-organized, just as there is a tendency to over-organization. We are beginning to see, I think, that though we may in a very platitudinous way with a lot of glittering generalities say, "The truth is mighty and will prevail," I

say to you, as human nature is now constituted, a well organized, systematic effort to promulgate a lie will give unorganized truth the biggest job it ever had to tackle. (Applause). Confronted as we are with the enemy of religious illumination, of certainty and correctness of viewpoint,and conscious of a deep-centered idea of need, I think that we Unitarians ought to eat more roast beef and spinach. I think that we ought to be everlastingly alarmed at the peculiar and successful strategy on the part of the generalship of Fundamentalism. They have the generals, they understand the psychology of reaching the people, and if Liberalism is ever going to win, Liberalism must reorganize its psychology and the technique of reaching the public. If we are ever going to learn to accomplish the thing that we have the potentiality for achieving, we must manifest a renaissance of interest in everyday humanity. (Applause). That must be our task, and I stand here, and I hope I will not appear egotistical when I say it, although one of our great philosophers has said that modesty is only egotism turned wrong side out, and I think he spoke the truth—but for nearly thirteen years I have stood in the heart of a city of two and a half million people, Thirteen years ago, before Fundamentalism or Modernism ever was thought of with their present alignments, with eighty-six people in the heart of that city I started the battle of Liberalism in the city of Chicago. I had a great tradition to follow, the sweetest spirit that ever graced a pulpit. David Swing (applause), and I had the advantage of a very highly intellectualized approach through rationalism that had been preparing in the city for twenty years before my advent, in the work that was being done by Mr. Mangasarian. But both of these things did not quite answer to me the thing that I thought would win in the city of Chicago. I discarded as a fought-out and victorious battle every single idea of religion held by the Fundamentalist today. But I tried to be intellectually consisent and morally heroic, knowing that I could not make my lips repeat an Apostles' Creed that my mind could not endorse. (Applause). I started with the idea that the old motives for high moral action were no longer necessary to get results in the social and moral contacts of life. I had to go through the war with that old philosophy. Your discussion today interested me and amused me not a little. With those reactions there we had to stand. And yet it was Parker that gave me my greatest inspiration. When some one said to Parker, "What is the secret of effectively reaching the people?" Parker turned and said, "So speak as though you had a broken heart in every pew, for there is one there, somewhere." And I looked at my city with its moral, its tragic political stench, everything associated with it, as a great challenge to test out whether religious liberalism could remould a man's technique of living as well as make him intellectually consistent. And now for the past six years our Auditorium, which seats three thousand people, two hundred more than this building, has not seated our audiences at times. And I have never stood on my head. I have never undraped a statue of a gorilla or a man; I have never held a debate in that pulpit; I have never courted anything that smattered of a sensational attitude at all. I have discovered that the great mass of these people who are walking your streets of Boston today, who are not coming into your Unitarian meetings, who are not attending your Unitarian churches, are not interested in highly envolved theological theories and if those men detected that there would be given them some solution to the vital business of living, they would be there. (Applause).

I do not know of a single man in all America who has a message of re-moulding and re-shaping and inspiring human character that has not an audience. Dr. Eliot, America's foremost citizen, said this morning—and I sat here thrilled with its great significance and truth—that a man who had seen almost the whole history of Unitar-

ianism could stand and say as he did today that we look toward the future with greater hopefulness than at any other period in his entire life. (Applause). That ought to send every Unitarian here back to his church to find out where your youth are. (Applause.) Sitting on this platform today, studying his audience, I am surprised that in the city of Boston, under Unitarian auspices, you do not have a greater sprinkling of folks this side of thirty. (Applause.) I think every institution in this world is better off, every city, every school, perhaps, if we have a few, two or three or possibly four or five, well-timed, first class, successful, glorious funerals. (Laughter.) For hark — and this is the last sentence—I would like to stand here all the afternoon, but hark this—this is the last sentence: If we are ever going to garner up the traditions every one of which has a right to live, not as a tradition but as a vital influence we must be alert and active. When I read the names that are labeled with this Unitarian label I am inspired. The only reaction I ever had when my church and I came into the Unitarian Fellowship was the reaction from one of my liberal friends who said to me, "Well, Bradley, I see you have a label along with the rest of them now; you couldn't stick it out to be alone." Why certain labels are right and they are necessary. Isn't your name a label? You have got to go through life with certain labels. I believe that Unitarianism, with all of its tradition, contains inherently and basically the answer and the solution to this whole modern religious turmoil. But we have to enlist and make it attractive and alluring to the turbulent youth of our present day; for in their hearts, in the last analysis, will rest the future and its history. Then perhaps Unitarians that are in all of our Orthodox denominations will give up as hopeless,—which it is—the idea of reforming orthodoxy with its ecclesiastical and historical alignments and will be big enough and brave enough and courageous enough not to occupy the position of the slight distinction between the Modernists and some Fundamentalists—for Fundamentalists believe in all the miracles, the Modernists believe in some—that is about the only distinction between them. They will have courage enough to do what the emergency demands, come out from among them and put the issue where it belongs, on the battleground of liberty against authority in religion, and freedom over against coercion and of a higher spiritualization of life against the bondage of superstition and fear. (Prolonged applause).

The PRESIDENT. We will try to keep step with you, sir, and we look forward to frutiful years of efficient comradeship.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

The petals have fallen from the last rose of a season that once was June. My one beloved little rose bush which has weathered one northern winter, so shy and unassuming, has bloomed in peace all summer long, calling forth much admiration from all visitors, has put her children to bed and prepared to cuddle down and dream through a long winter's nap, till snow and ice have succumbed to warming sun rays and soft wind blown from some southland shall kiss her awake in another Spring time. One needs no calendar when one has a garden, for there the flowers tell of the whirling of time. The poppies now goose-necked with their ripening seed pods, have packed away their summer finery, but many of their neighbors, zinias, calendulas, nasturtiums, clarkias and various others, seem to vie with one another for first honors in more brilliant fall styles. Even the vagrant brood of blooming wild things discredited as weeds lift smiling faces to a world that thinks little of them, and all lovely patches of purple, yellow and red along the beach, bright spots in the woods, or waving in a friendly way from crevices in rocks, always arriving with

the autumn sunshine and being the last to leave. I wonder if summer is not reluctant to say good-bye, so lavish is she with color, draping all nature in such resplendent garb, as though making an extra effort to impress her beauty upon the hearts of those who worship at her shrine, 'ere she bids them God-speed. In the grandeur of the autumn foliages the trees are more majestic and inspiring than at any other time of the year. It is said that the leaves of trees absorb all noxious qualities from the air, thus purifying the atmosphere; so it seems to me as if they drew from man all sordid and petty passions making it possible to breathe forth peace and happiness. There is a serene sublimity in the woods and out in the open over a broad expanse of water, the sky above vast—infinite—with tremendous clouds puffing up from the horizon, there is a something that enters into the soul, elevates and broadens it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The days have grown perceptibly shorter; bird songs are no longer heard, excepting when the mid-day sun shines warm and bright a warbler will break into soft melody, and the homing birds in the late afternoon call with pensive note. Many a migrating flock have breakfasts in our garden, or in the bushes and cedar boughs near our bedroom windows, where we have watched them in the early mornings. These are the days when the sun set a huge ball of flame, slipping back of clouds of dull rose, warm orange and purple—all more vivid, more gorgeous than sunset tints earlier in the season. An autumn sunset on Lake Vermilion is one of those events which though old as time is ever new; to which neither poet nor painter, tongue nor pen has ever done justice. As soon as the top rim of the flaming disk sinks from sight the ruby tinted water turns to cold grey; the marvelous colors which have held one gazing spell-bound, fade from the clouds; in the blue-veiled distance a shadowy range of hills mark the mainland; sky and water have melted together in violet shadows, sharing one cloak against the chill of the night.

Now and then a wave larger than its fellows pounds the shore and splashes the rocks suddenly; a kingfisher darts across the water not far from shore, with its weird evening call. Dark comes on quickly, falling like a curtain. Logs are piled in the fireplace; the evening meal is eaten by lamp light, its glow making bright the table and deepening the shadows in the corners of the room. The evening is spent before the comfortable fire, huge logs crackling and sending up showers of sparks in fine pyrotechnical display. There is a distinct and indescribable scent wafted from those blazing logs that echo many Autumns. They form pictures ever changing like a cimeograph, into which we look deeply, filled with thoughts and dreams which carry us back to the city; that send us with outstretched hands to meet the warm greeting of friends; that awaken plans for work; that glow with appreciation for the loyal hearts and true who have helped in the past and will help in the season which lies ahead; thoughts and dreams filled with inspiration—enthusiasm—anticipation. The light from the fire flickers and grows dim, the sparkling and crackling softens to a quiet song on the hearth, the embers glow—and somehow we realize that the season has drawn to a close, the gladsome summer has passed, our sojourn in our "Forest of Arden" is at an end. All these happy hours must be stored up to be lived over in memory to brighten the busy winter days.

We are standing looking down the long, long trail toward home —and work—the work we love,—and best of all—You!

— Grace Thayer Bradley.

BOOK-CHATS

Books,-books everywhere, until one is sometimes bewildered by an avalanche of printed words! It has been somewhat of a relief to spend a summer far removed from the book marts where I only had access to the few carefully selected volumes that I took with me to my little island. Lady Gracious and I left the island at sun-up this morning. In late afternoon I find myself in our room at a Duluth hotel writing these monthly chats about books. For days up there on the island, over a hundred miles north of where I am writing, I had floating around in my mind a rather definite idea of what I was going to say. I had the inspiration of a few much loved volumes which truly adorned the mantel of my study fireplace, the comradeship of pines and birches and the pure music of our northern birds, as my environment. I delayed my article until I reached Duluth. Alas! that was fatal. Now my inspiration is the rumbling of the city, the street noises which easily penetrate into our hotel room, seven stories up. The accompaniment is the shrill blast of a traffic officer whistle at regular intervals. With all of these unfamiliar distractions how can I adequately pay the tribute that I had in mind to the writer whose book more deeply impressed me than any I have read during my holiday? If I had had only one book with me this summer and that one was John J. Chapman's 'Letters and Religion' published by the Atlantic Monthly Press I would have needed no other. It has been close at hand all summer long. From the bed-side reading stand in Arden Lodge it has made almost daily pilgrimages to the study on Black Duck Point at the other side of the island. It has been my companion on more than one fishing trip to be casually picked up at that delightful moment of relaxation after a camp lunch on the shore, when your pipe is a solace and a book that is just right is a delight. It is a companionable book. I have liked that adjective as applied to books ever since Henry Van Dyke so artfully used it as a title for his most interesting book — 'Companionable Books.' After all, books do possess human attributes and there are some that are surely companionable. I have discovered that books of this sort have a more abiding influence on me than any other kind.

On our way to the hotel I stopped at a news stand and purchased a recent number of the Literary Digest International Book Review—an indispensable magazine to every lover of good literature. I glanced thru it a few moments ago and happily noticed that Joseph Fort Newton had an article in it called, 'Where are we In Religion'? Newton is the poet preacher of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City. I knew him when he was pastor of the 'Little Brick Church' out in Cedar Rapids, Iowa where they ' let no man be a stranger'. Afterwards London heard about him and came across an ocean and half a continent to ask him to the pulpit of The London City Temple made historic by the ministry of Joseph Parker. America loaned Newton to England for the war period and he is back now where he belongs, having a beautiful ministry in the most beautiful church in this country. Newton knows more about books than any minister in America. There are no exceptions. Not merely books about theology but all manner of books. Some of the best New York publishers ask him about manuscripts, inviting his judgement as preferable to some professional critics and readers. The most delightful memory which I have out of many visits to New York City is the visit we had one afternoon sitting in his Riverside Drive home and watching the majesty of a sunset beyond the hills on the other side of the Hudson. You know there isn't one of us that doesn't relish having our opinions or little theories substantiated by those of high position and undeniable authority. I had made up my mind about Chapman

and his 'Letters and Religion' before I purchased the International Book Review but my heart beat a little quicker and my spirit mounted a little higher when I read a while ago that my friend Newton says in the magazine referred to, 'Literature is a revelation, if we have eyes to read it aright, as John J. Chapman does in 'Letters and Religion'—one of the rarest books of the year—ripe, wise aglow with serene vision, and studded with memorable sayings'. There you have it. This is the appraisal of a man who knows lofty and immortal writing. I feel even more intensified as to the merit of my own reactions when I hear Newton say that about a book I love. He uses the words 'ripe' and 'wise' about Chapman's Book. Not many books being written today are ripe or wise. Our Contemporary fiction in particular is over burdened with considerable froth and mush — the unripe emanations of immature minds. This is the age of the literary prodigy. Undergraduates are writing 'first sellers' and college professfors are writing novels about college life that if they accurately reveal the university and college life of today every institution of learning in America ought to close its doors at once for the benefit of the future Republic. If the professors and instructors are like the pictures drawn in the photographic novels of college life then they are a menace. Any one familiar with American University and College life has no difficulty in seeing the untruthfulness in the intensified and overdrawn novel. Dr. Newton asked me during our recent confab, 'when are you going to give us a book.' The thought of it apalls me. A book—written by me. Myself captured between the covers of a book and cast out to an unsuspecting public. A book—that should be an intimation that I had something for the world! My reply was, 'Well, I have thought about a book, in fact, I've written one or two but somehow I have always said that I would not publish anything until I was forty. By that time I really might have something to say or the thing I thought now needed to be said will no longer be necessary. He smiled benignly on my arrogance and said, 'Perhaps you're right'. The only publishing I have ever done is my sermons and when I see them in cold type they give me a distinct shudder. Most of them I would like to destroy. It is an ever increasing mystery to me that people are even interested in **"The Liberal"** as the rapidly growing subscription list confirms. I can face three thousand people without much fear in a service, but the thought of putting my words in print positively give me an intense and painful attack of 'type-fright.'

In the midst of all this orgy of words and burst of phrases of our present literary whirl it is delightfully refreshing I say to own a book such as John J. Chapman has given us. This together with Sedgewick's 'Pro Vita Monastica' are two books that we all need in this tumultous time. There are two reliable and sure tests to apply in the selection of a book. Is it 'ripe' and is it 'wise?' If it is wise it will be interesting, stimulating and provocative and if it is ripe it will be delicious in flavor. What more can one desire in a book?

"THE WAR AGAINST WAR"

A Sermon By Dr. Bradley...Reported Stenographically

When I was a little boy going to school over in Michigan, and I had my first contact with geography and history, I shall never forget the reactions which I felt. I thrilled when I read the story of the Boston Tea Party, when a group of people who were not long nor far removed from their mother-land felt that taxation without representation was a matter of injustice, and they presumed to put a stop to it by emptying the tea into the harbor of Boston.

I thrilled at the story of Paul Revere when he started on the midnight ride along the lonely road at Concord to alarm the farmers

of the approach of the British. I thrilled at that story. And this week when I stood at the spot where Paul Revere was captured on that night, all these early impressions of history and geography swept over my spirit again like an avalanche, and they linked up yesterday and today more closely than I thought it ever possible to ever link them up again in this world.

At that age when I came in contact with these early periods of history, as a boy, I remember that my first impression was what a wonderful thing it must have been to have lived at that period; and sometimes when I would be reading all by myself on some rainy afternoon, I would try to imagine myself back in that period of history. I wanted to have lived then. Then I came later down through the years, to that period of our own Civil War—that the youth of America is all too quickly forgetting—that period where we had the task as a democracy of dignifying labor. That is what the Civil War was about. It was a war to dignify labor, and to make it honorable for all time for every man to be an honest workman. Labor was never in a position of dignity as long as slavery existed; as long as there were black people who could be compelled to do things because other people owned them all other honest labor was impaired. While there was some basic principles of government at stake, yet the Civil War, after all, was the great medium by which labor has been dignified and it has been made honorable for any man to do honest work. That task had to be accomplished.

And as I read all of the period of the Civil War, I closed my eyes, and stood once more at Brandwine, and those great strategic moments at Gettysburg, the valley of Shenandoah, and I see God walk down the ladder of the sky, and with His never-erring judgment select a man out of the ranks of common men, to be the standard-bearer and the ideal about which men would cluster with a devotion like unto God, and look to him as the saviour of the hour. I think Abraham Lincoln was the greatest work of art in every particular that civilization has had yet produced. And I see God center His great help upon a people who were in the midst of a great civil strife. For, after all, there is no trouble as tragic as civil trouble; there is no worry that we have that is quite as wearisome and discouraging as home worry, is there? The problems of our home are, after all, the biggest problems of life. Aren't they? And I question whether America has ever had any problem greater than the problems which she faced when her own home was being torn and rent by dissension and strife.

At that period in the development of this Republic we experienced the tragedy of a broken home, they were fighting each other and bearing arms against each other who never before had a single vicious tendency against the ones with whom they were in conflict, and yet, the home ideal had to be preserved, and as the great philosopher said: 'United we stand, divided we fall.' No republic can endure half slave and half free." The way the Southland has responded when the home ties were re-united! She has gone down in history with the convincing fact that she has made the Southland blossom like a garden, the rose out of a desert. Very little of that sectional pride or sectional hate or disagreement is heard these days. America is pretty much at home with the ideal home. And I thought what a wonderful thing to have lived in the Civil War days.

I read the story of the boy-drummers. I saw those fifteen or sixteen or even twelve-year-old boys, dying in their determination to get into the romance of War. We did not then have the methods of fighting disease as we know them today; did not know as much about blood poisoning them as we know today; did not know as much about germs and diseases as we know today. There were a lot of problems that made war easier,—if you will excuse the paradox. War in those

days, the viciousness of killing had not developed to such extent. The uniqueness of the World War in war was only to be found in two things, the use of gases and aviation. The uniqueness of the World War as contributing to the procedure of warfare was gas and aviation. In those days they knew nothing about those things, and they knew little about sanitation and the theory of germs invading certain areas of the body. But it was war then, just as much as it is now.

You know, sometimes I don't like this idea that once in a while you hear expressed on the part of some young man who fought in the Great War. The attitude of the man who gives you the impression that if he had not been in it the war would not have been what is was. You will always find somebody just like that. I have noticed that some of the boys who did most of the fighting talk the least about it. One of the men I know in this church, was so reticent about his part that I had to go somewhere else to get his war record, and even to this day he refuses to say much about it. But this man who I had in mind spoke in a rather braggodocio spirit. I spoke about the Grand Army veterans, the old soldiers of the Civil War, and he said: 'Oh, what did they know about war.' Why, they never say any war. They don't know what war is or what it was. Why, we are the boys that can talk about war. We know all about it." And, in some respects, I suppose that is true. And I know that sometimes the G. A.R. have by their own attitude given us the impression.

I heard one of our boys says once: (The war was over and he was pretty badly smashed up.) I said: "What are you going to do now?" "Well, I don't know. I think I will go back home and sit around the stove at the store and try to out-lie the G. A. R.

So after the years have passed by, I suppose sometimes our imagination plays strange fancies with us, and freakish pranks, but I would have the younger men here and the younger element of this Church realize that these men of the middle years of the nineteenth century knew a lot about war, and they knew a lot about sacrifices, and it will be a dark day for this America of ours if she ever degenerates to that anemic condition where a lot of parlor socialists and bolshevists with a foreign tint to their name and that twist to their blood are ever permitted without open opposition to speak disgracefully or with discredit of the men who are making the America of today possible by what they did in the America of yesterday.

It will be a very dark day when we turn over in this country of ours the positions of responsibility and trust to any man or any group of men those who underestimate the sacrifices made by American soldiers and sailors since the beginning of our history, the ideals that constitute the back-ground, and these troubles are still a long way from realization, because war has not settled but very little. War in itself, the very nature of war lacks the capacity to settle permanently. War sometimes creates more problems than it attempts to solve. I am not so sure but what the world today has more problems as a direct reaction from the last war than the war itself hoped to solve at its inception.

No, an ideal never completes itself. It is always progressive. And every ideal back of a philosophy of democracy, while it is given a tremendous urge and is swept forward, no war permanently settles it. In other words, we are never at peace. Life is a conflict. All is struggle and battle. And it requires every day and every hour the qualities of a hero in our America if we are to be successfully victorious, either as individuals or as a people. And America must never let the blood in her veins and arteries run anemic, due to the fact that it is possibe with human nature, as it is now constituted, to govern a world, or associate ourselves with a world whereby the ever-insistent struggle is not a part of our nature and our program.

No man in this auditorium hates war worse than I do. The Duke of Wellington once said: 'My God, men, if you had seen but one day of war as I have you would get down on your knees and pray to God that you may never see the like of it again." And every man as some of you gentlemen here know, every man who has seen war knows that what the Duke of Wellington said about it is true. If we ever saw one day in it we would never want to see another.

When I read the history of the Civil War as a boy, I thought I would have liked to have been a part of that war. But is was not to be. But God has placed me in this period of the history of my country which I think is the most important period that my country has ever known in all its history. I am here now in this great moment that is more pregnant with possibilities than any other moment we have ever known. For, I believe America is at the cross-road. The reactions which are now sweeping into our American life, the present condition of political leadership, the tragic situation of bankrupt diplomacy abroad; I think America today is at the cross-road, with American business more uncertain as to its immediate future than it has been in a decade; with certain strange reactions running through the whole structure of our Republic, America is threatened, not from her enemies without, not from England, not from Japan,—America's conflict today is with her enemies within.

Sometimes I think that this effort to link up international or foreign situations into this present emergency is only a form of camouflage on the part of interests who desire that sort of an explanation rather than a willingness to face the truth.

Now let us look at these facts just for a moment. In the first place, to me it is a very tragic condition that America can forget so quickly. What has been the insidious, incessant propaganda that has swept this country? What is its inception? I close my eyes, and it does not take me long to remember the great war; it does not take me long to remember how I stood in this pulpit and I shook hands with the boys that this Church sent out to the war. I don't have to remember that this Church was presented by the Chicago Liberty Loan Committee as the Church that raised more funds for the Liberty Loan than any other Church in the city of Chicago, where from this pulpit we sold $315,000.00. I have not forgotten those 286 meetings which it was my privilege to address throughout America; that great meeting in Grand Rapids where we had six thousand people and Mr. Sousa and his band of 310 boys from the Great Lakes Naval Training School in the orchestra pit playing the 'Stars and Stripes Forever.' I have not forgotten that Grand Rapids, Michigan, during that Liberty Loan Drive, on that night went over the top. I have not forgotten the meetings of Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, Socialists, Roman Catholics and Jews,—and not one single man turned to his friend and asked for his religion or race. I have not forgotten that we all stood up at the end of that service and sang 'America.' We were trying to be Americans then, and we were not ashamed of ideals and we were not ashamed of dreaming, and every man when he clenched his hands said what? 'We are fighting to stop war. This is a war against war. We are fighting for peace.' You met each other on the street and you shook each other's hand and with gesture of your fist against your palm said, 'We are in it now. America is in it now and we are going to settle this thing once and for all time.'

We have not forgotten that hour when the housewife from the home of the millionaire on Sheridan Road stood making Red Cross bandages by the side of her maid. We have not forgotten that spirit of democracy that swept throughout the heart of our social life in America.

We have not forgotten that a man whose name is high in the commercial field of this city and this world, Marshall Field, took his

rank as a young soldier, asking no favors, working his way to a captaincy.

We have not forgotten these things in America. Some of us haven't, until an age of reaction came, an age of disillusionment, an age when we began to read that, after all, maybe Profit and War did have a wedding, and that, after all, there was some relationship between War and economic defects.

We have not forgotten that when those youths, those young men (and war is always a young man's game) marched out with a thrill of their souls and their music and their flags. Youth! Shoulders up and heads high, to die.

And then what happened? The bubble burst. A propaganda set in in America of viciousness and of hate such as our country has seldom seen. The old reactions in religions began, the old reactions against this and that, and with it disillusionment came.

America's distinction in the world as a nation is precisely this: That America is the only nation in the world whereby we have taken the life blood of other nations and attempted to mould it into one great American institution. No other nation has that task. France has not, Germany hasn't, Russia hasn't, England hasn't; they are German, they are English, they are French, they are Egyptian, they are Irish, they are Italian, but America! Why, 1620, three hundred years ago is all the time we have had, and we have had to take French and Irish and English and German, and Scotch, and all the rest,—all of them, and what have we now? We have to make in three centuries out of what the rest sent to us. We took the pioneers of these countries, for it requires more courage to go away from home than it does to stay at home.

Emerson Hough said, in his autographed copy of the 'Covered Wagon' which he sent to me, written on the fiyleaf, 'The coward never started. The weak died on their way. Only the strong man arrived.'

Why, I would like to poll this church this morning, to show you what I mean. I would like to have each of you stand up and just pronounce your last name. That is what I mean.

Now, let us be sane and rational and sensible about this whole issue. Haven't we got to take into consideration some facts before we can come to a conclusion? America's task has been, and it is a task that is so frequently forgotten these days when we think patriotism consists in putting our fingers in our vest pocket and walking before the world and saying, 'We can fight the world.' I am not so sure if that is patriotism at all. I rather think it is mere braggodocio, and I have found that men who talk mostly in that spirit are expressing their opinions after they are beyond military age. There are many people in America who talk most about war, and how we can do this and how we can do that, if they had any idea that in the next war it might be necessary for them to carry a gun, it might influence their attitude materially. We have a lot of Americans whose patriotism is precisely that sort of thing.

No America's task is to take what the world sent it, and what came here, isn't it? None other. Three hundred years. The only really Americans in the world are the Indians, and look what we have done to them!

We have taken from all races of the world.

That has been our task, and that has been the cause of our troubles.And because we are an amalgamation of such distinct racial units, distinct races, distinct colors and creeds, then it behooves us to move carefully in every step we take.

What a splendid thing it was that in your war, gentlemen, one only had to read the name to see that grandchildren and great-grandchildren of grandfathers and great-grandfathers that were born

across the sea were going home again! That is what you did. You just went home again to the home of your ancestors. We have not any great ancestry in America. Not much. We all went home again, and we went home for an ideal. And it was our thrill of inspiration across Europe that gave the youth of England and France and Italy a new vision. And it is going to result in opening the books of the diplomacy of the world. for the world, in spite of pacifist preachers, will never get out of war until in the dealings between nations we put all the cards on the table. The only future for the peace of America is open diplomacy, and the quicker the Poincaires and the men of Europe, the Lloyd Georges and the men of America, who refuse to come out into the open with the gambling of your lives, and let the world know what the issue is in spite of all, we will never have peace.

Rather frank, isn't it? I think history will bear me up. It is rather true, when we come to this great problem which we are facing now in America.

And then it involves the church. They call a convention and pass some resolutions.They resolve, and then go home, and who cares? And they try to commit churches to this and churches to that, as though you are going to solve war in that way.

Why, I am not worrying about another war with the world. I will tell you frankly, I don't think that there is a country on top of God's green earth for the next two hundred that will want war with America anywhere. I don't think they want it. All this talk about Japan. Why? You know. I don't know how you feel about it. You are my guests today, and I ought not to hurt you.

But I am known for my plain speaking, I admire people that talk out loud, state what they think, if their thinking is based on evidence and form their opinions from careful training and knowledge of what it is all about.

Of course, I know how some of you feel on the bonus question. What are you going to get out of the bonus anyway? This bill gives you a life insurance policy. You don't get it. You have to die to win.

It is too late for America to change her policy on the bonus. If we could, it would be different. We tried to make this a political issue, and the bonus never belonged in politics, and the tragedy of it is, this was not a Democratic war, nor a Republican war, and it ought to have been treated in every one of its after-results, but it is too late now.

Until I think that what Edward Everett Hale said was right. I told you this once before, but it is so apropos that I must repeat it. The old gentleman was chaplain of the United States Senate, and he attended a ministers' meeting in Boston, and he was asked to make a speech. When he got up he said, 'You know, brethren, I am chaplain of the United States Senate, and it becomes my duty to open the Senate with prayer. I go up into the Senate chamber, take one look at the Senate and then pray for the country.'

And I am not so sure but what Dr. Hale, if he were alive today, might find a justification for his act.

No. that is not the question, not at all.

Running through America today is a type of pacifist that in its very nature would not only ruin the spirit that will preserve the national integrity of this country, but will so create a lack of confidence that financial bankrupcy will follow in its wake.

I hate war. I hate it with every drop of blood in my body. I hope the world will never see another. Every agency, every institution, every man, every newspaper, and everything else that I can detect as a whole fostering the militaristic spirit in this world, I am against it. The idea of building up militarism for the purpose of defiance before the rest of the world with a policy to only let it usher

in war, may usher in the last day of civilization. And I am against it.

But here is my point.

There is a difference between war of aggression and war of defense. And I want America always, as human nature is now constituted, as international diplomacy is now at work, to always be in the position that every nation in the world will look at us as a nation of strength; that if needed and it was necessary we could defend ourselves under the water, on the water, and in the air, against any military power of the world.

Now, that is a different thing than passing resolutions that you will not engage in warfare.I have had enough opportunities to sign documents, I have had four different documents given to me in the city of Chicago by pacifists, which I think almost bordered on traitordom, and I say to you and I say to the world and to any man, I say it now, that I would never sign a document against arms, for there may be hours when this country may need us all if she is to survive. If interests of America were deliberately planning war working to stir up foreign nations, foreign trade, that if there was a deliberate and steady effort for militaristic spirit and for war,—I am against that, too. But that is not the point here.

They are saying now that the Church will out-law war. I believe in making war a crime. But there have been times in history when if we had not had some good defenders where would we have been?

When I stood at the bridge of Concord, I looked across on the other side to the American farmers, they left their plows. Plows! And they were farmers. And across the bridge was an army of 'red coats'. And they came to force them. What would your pacifists do there at that bridge? Say, 'Come on'? 'It is all right. War is brutal'? 'You might get killed'?

'So, anything you want, you can have. Come on over'?

No, they didn't say that, and I praise God for it. No, they didn't say it. They stood up there with a gun, an old-fashioned musket, and they said: 'One step further'—and the British made a step, and you know the result.

Why, if we have a country worth anything, we have a country worth defending, and when the time comes when my country is not worth defending, I will get out of my country.

Our Country, with all of her mistakes, with all her troubles and trials, with all of her political rottenness, with all of her cheap and shoddy justice, with all the things that we can say are wrong, still, in the background of it all I want to say to my pacifist friends here now: There is not any one party, there is not any one man, there is not any one institution that is big enough in this whole America of ours to shipwreck it. Daugherty can't do it; no president can do it; no Congress can do it. There is nothing in the world, not one agency or power, principle or purpose that can bankrupt this old America of ours, except ourselves. You can do it. I can do it. You folks way up there in the balcony can do it. But we are the only folks that can.

So that this time and season of the year I want to think of those soldier and sailor lads of ours. I want to think of them. They are dead. Of course, death is always tragic, but always it seems to me that death is more tragic when it is the death of youth, always seems harder for me to stand by the side of a young person and see them pass on. And that is what war takes—youth.

Rupert Brooks there, Allen Seegar, Donald Hanky, Joyce Kilmer and Quentin Roosevelt. When they asked Donald Hankey what religion is, Donald Hankey turned to them and said: 'Religion is just betting your life that there is a God.' And they tore his heart out twenty-four hours later.

Youth is there. They paid the price.

I would like to know and I would like to feel somehow today at this historic service of this Church, that somehow they knew that there was one Church, one preacher that had not forgotten them.

I am not here to argue why they died.

When I stand in the presence of their graves I feel so small and shriveled up I would like to run away.

What right have I to stand up and talk about pacifism and racial hates and religious turmoils and turning America over to some long-haired men and short-haired women, and all these others? What right have I to stand up and say that?

When their youth went out, no more tomorrow. 'I have a rendezvous with death,' said Allen Seegar, and he kept it.

And we are here today to honor them, your comrades, your brothers in arms, and if there are those here who think that this is wrong, like one man I met this week, who said, 'The churches ought to take the flags out of it; that is the best thing that can happen to America—take the flag out of the churches.'

If they take that flag out of my church they are going to take me with it.

And when they try to foster the things that the flag stood for in this America of ours, in spite of our mistakes, in spite of our past, —that flag has never been furled over an unjust battlefield; and furthermore, it has never furled until the cause for which it was furled has triumphed. There is not a single mark of defeat on it.

I can't help but say that we ought to sing that song again that they played during the war. I think we ought to play it again in America:

'If you don't like your Uncle Sam, if you don't like the Red, White and Blue, don't act like the dog in the manger, don't bite the hand that's feeding you.'

Senator Borah said the other day, that in Russia they have a government that was demanded by the Russian people. As far as the Soviet records are concerned, they represented one seventy-eighth of the Russian People. But he didn't say that. Senators have the happy faculty of saying half truths, and a certain type of Americans possess the still happier faculty of sitting in front of them and clapping their hands. Until I just feel like saying this, in this age when we are forgetting something. I don't think I would bear arms for my country in war of aggression. If America started out for conquest, I don't think I should fight for her. I think rather I should go to jail, because I don't think a dollar of any nation's money or acre of any nation's land is worth one red drop of American boys' blood. No I don't think I would fight for lands and dollars. I am sure I would not.

But you just let somebody start something against us in the spirit of conquest, and you will be looking for another preacher, for what we have was bought and paid for with a price, and it is that price that we honor today.

And when we come to the life and personality of Christ we find one outstanding thing to be his eternal tribute, and that thing is this: That he never knew how to compromise where right and wrong were involved. Jesus knew that there are some things in this world that you cannot arbitrate.

How long would you arbitrate the honor of your wife or the virtue of your mother?

There are some things in this world that you cannot arbitrate, and when a nation is right and when an individual is right—then with Abraham Lincoln say:

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

That is patriotism.

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THE LIBERAL

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Grace Thayer Bradley .....
..... Associate Editor

Mrs. P. E Goold .... Business Manager
919 Sheridan Road Wellington 6147

William Saunders, Advertising Manager
7028 N. Clark St. Rogers Park 0220

Mail all subscriptions to the Business Manager and all matters in regard to the advertising to the Advertising Manager.

"ARE YOU HELPING"

We are printing more copies of the September number of THE LIBERAL than of any previous issue. A copy will be mailed to each member of The Peoples Church, the members of the Woman's Club and the members of the Temple Club, who are not subscribers. The magazine is six months old with this issue and has increased in circulation every month. The success of the magazine is determined by the number of persons who are sufficiently interested to subscribe. Every member of the above mentioned organizations ought to be a subscriber. Every activity of the societies connected with the church is given publicity in The Liberal. The members ought to co-operate by subscribing. What better way is there to widen the influence of the church than by sending The Liberal to your friends? Can one dollar ever be spent more effectively? Why not make a list of five friends and together with five dollars send their names to our Business Manager No one connected with the editing of the magazine receives any renumeration. The work is gladly and willingly done for The Peoples Church. Every subscription dollar, except the cost of mailing, goes directly into the treasury of the church. The advertisements received meet the cost of publication. Members and friends of the church who have occasion to advertise can assist in making a better publication by giving The Liberal a share of their advertising. Ask Mr. Saunders, Rogers Park 0220, the Advertising Manager for the rates. The magazine will be on sale every month at Everybody's Book Shop, Wilson Avenue, near Kenmore, and at Trochs International Book Store on Michigan Avenue, near Washington. Why not begin the church season by sending your name and one dollar to Mrs. P. E. Goold, 919 Sheridan Road, Chicago?

WOMAN'S CLUB LUNCHEON

A one o'clock luncheon on Monday, October 6th, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel will inaugurate the fall work of The Woman's Club. Plates are one dollar and reservations should be made in the church lobby at the Information Table or by phone to Mrs. Boyle, Sunnyside 6391, or Mrs. Lee, Ravenswood 2386.

Following the luncheon Dr. Bradley will lecture, and Mrs. Marion Cooke Behel, who was very favorably received at last years' luncheon will again render vocal and violin selections.

CHURCH NEWS

The Vesper Service held by the Chorus Choir and Dr. Bradley at Channel Lake on Sunday afternoon, September 7th was a success in every way. The only disheartening thing was the unfavorable weather conditions. In spite of the almost continuous rain over three hundred attended the service. Dr. Bradley spoke on "The Religion of the Out-of-Doors" and the choir rendered most splendidly three beautiful anthem numbers. The Chorus Choir was given a five day outing at the Sylvan Beach Hotel, Channel Lake, by the church in recognition of their fine work. About fifty members of the organization were able to take the outing. This Choir Outing is to be made an annual affair. Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson, who have a beautiful summer home at Channel Lake exhausted every effort to see that the outing was a success.

Many friends and members of the Church attended the Vesper Service. Dr. Bradley came in from his summer home, Arden Lodge in northern Minnesota. He was most happily surprised on his arrival in Antioch Sunday morning at 6:50 over the Soo Line with being greeted by several members of the Board of Trustees and the entire choir. The choir was in hiding at the depot and as he walked down the platform they ran out to welcome him singing an original song written for the occasion by Mr. Lash, the director. He breakfasted with the choir at the Sylvan Beach Hotel and later was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson at "Andyvilla" for dinner. He left Antioch that evening at seven o clock for Minnesota. Dewitt Durgin Lash, the director, held a three hour choir rehearsal every day in preparation for the church year.

The Peoples Church will resume its services Sunday morning, October 5th, at 10:30, in the Pantheon Theater, 4650 Sheridan Road. This will begin the thirteenth year of the Church under the pastorate of Dr. Bradley. The service will be radiocast by Station WQJ (448 meters.) The Board of Trustees has engaged the services of the Dean of American Organists to play for the coming year—Mr. Clarence Eddy. Mr. Eddy will play a recital at 10:30 every Sunday morning.

Dr. Bradley has chosen for his subject at the opening service—"The Indian Summer of Life." The doors will be opened at 10 a. m. The church is planning for the best year in its history. If you are a Chicagoan plan to attend the services and write your out-of-town friends to attend via the radio.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Swarthout, 1816½ Juneway Terrace celebrated their fifty-second Wedding Anniversary on August 10th. They have been loyal and devoted friends of the Church for many years. They also attended the Vesper Service at Antioch on September 7th.

Mrs. P. E. Gold, 919 Sheridan Road, the secretary of the church spent the month of August with friends at New Rochelle, N. Y. and other eastern cities.

Mr. George Savage and Miss Frances Savage, of N. Hermitage Ave., members of the Temple Club, spent part of August motoring through the East. They visited Buffalo, New York, Washington and several Canadian cities.

Mrs. George U. Gairing and daughter, Virginia, of 1264 Winnemac Ave., spent part of August on an eastern trip visiting New York, Washington and Philadelphia.

Dr. Bradley gave the address on Defense Day, September 12th at Virginia, Minnesota, speaking on the subject, "What is Patriotism?"

Mr. Robert Baker, 4531 Dover St., a student at Northwestern University, spent two weeks at Arden Lodge, Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota, during August.

With the opening of the colleges the church will lose several of its young people. Mr. George Gairing Jr., the son of a member of our Board of Trustees enters Illinois University. Mr. Robert Baker, Miss Beatrice Jordan and Mr. James Griffin, Mr. Lemar Hesselberg, and Miss Helen Heggie, are students at Northwestern. The church is also well represented at some of the eastern schools.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson of 531 Roscoe St., with their daughter, Lorraine, will return to the city from their summer home at Antioch, sometime in November. Miss Lorraine Anderson is a student at the Chicago Latin School.

Dr. Bradley gave an address before the Woman's Club of Eveleth, Minnesota, on September 15th, speaking on the subject, "The Present Political Situation."

Dr. Gregory of Buena Apartments, Sheridan Road, Chicago, and brother Louis, of Rockford, Illinois, were guests for a few days at Arden Lodge, Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota. They have just returned from a 2000 mile auto trip through the northwest.

Dr. Nellie M. Watters of the Stewart Building, has returned from spending her annual vacation at Bear Canyon, Colorado.

Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Baur, 2300 Estes Ave., Rogers Park, have returned from their summer home, Sunset Lodge, Pine Island, Tower, Minnesota. Dr. Baur is the Supervising Dentist, having charge of all the Dental Clinics for the Board of Education in the city of Chicago.

Dr. Bradley gave the Annual Commencement Address at Meadville Theological Seminary in Meadville, Pennsylvania, on September 25th. His subject was "The Renewal of the Mind."

The services of The Peoples Church will be radiocast this year by Station WQJ (448 meters.) This is one of the outstanding stations of the country and is heard throughout the United States and Canada. The services will begin at 10:30 Central time.

Are you a subscriber of "The Liberal?" If not please send your name and one dollar to Mrs. P. E. Gold, 919 Sheridan Road, who will mail the magazine to you every month. Each issue will contain a sermon and editorials by Dr. Bradley and the church news.

The program of the year's activities of The Temple Club, published in this issue, merits consideration by every young person in the church. The Club has planned a most interesting series of meetings.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The opening of church for another year should not necessarily reassure each member and attendant, that Dr. Bradley is prepared to serve them as their pastor for another year; that the organist is ready to thrill the hearts of his listeners, with his weekly prelude recitals; or that Mr. Lash's summer has been spent with baton in hand, over his chorus of 100 voices, so as to please his Sunday audiences. The Peoples Church is a church—not a lecture platform, and like other churches it has its institutions and its clubs. Every

woman displaying enough interest to attend the Sunday services, should, if at all possible, manifest her individual concern in the Woman's Club of the church.

My appeal, however, is not to the women alone, but also to the many young people who attend the services regularly. The Temple Club of the church has, in the past, done a great deal toward the hope of bringing more of the young people of the church together, as a friendly, sociable group.

At this time each year the real workers of the club have joined hands, saying: "this year we will double our membership and close with a real successful season." I regret to state, however, that we have not quite reached our goal. Have we worked? Yes! And our enthusiasm has been permanent, but the real cause for failure is attributed to the fact that we have never had the proper response from you young people. The Woman's Club and the Board of Trustees look to us young people for their successors. Instead of planting the seed and cultivating it under its natural processes, they will have to resort to the mature and begin there, if we are unable to sound true.

You young people make it your duty towards your church and to Dr. Bradley to attend just one of our meetings. I mention one because that will be sufficient to warrant you with a desire to affiliate, and to feel that you are doing your part as an interested attendant of The Peoples Church.

The club calendar for the year 1924-1925 has just been completed and will follow this article. The chairman of the program committee has done her part towards insuring the club of reaching its goal by the next annual meeting. Won't you do your part now?

There will be two meetings a month. One will be of an educational nature, and the other social. After each lecture there will be held an open forum. The attendants may ask questions of each speaker. Dr. Bradley will open our calendar with a review of Percy Mark's book, 'The Plastic Age." A very interesting book—a more than interesting speaker. Some splendid vocal selections will be given by Miss Gwynfa Thomas. Come on! Let's all be out Tuesday evening, October 14th, 8:30 p. m., at Laura Dean's Tea Room.

The program of the club for the coming season is as follows:

October 4

First meeting of year 1924-25, 8 p. m. President's Greetings, James H. Griffin. Vocal selections, Miss Gwynfa Thomas. Address "The Plastic Age," Dr. Bradley. Appointment of Committees by the President.

October 28

Hard Times Party, 9:00 p. m.

November 11

Armistice Day Celebration, 8:00 p. m. Selection and discussion of play to be presented in February by the club members.—James Griffin. Piano Selections, Miss Becklenberg. Readings, Miss Helen Bowles.

November 25

Business meeting, 8:00 p. m. Thanksgiving Party, 9:00 p. m. Dancing. Entertainment and refreshments.

December 9

Address. Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, President, The Woman's Club of The Peoples Church. Subject to be announced. Musical Prelude, The Chorus Choir of The Peoples Church, Mr. Lash, conducting.

December 23

Discussion of distribution of Charity Baskets led by the Chairman of the Philanthropic Department of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Dora Reynolds. Pound Party for Christmas Charities of the church. Dancing, refreshments.

January 13

Address, "The University in the Life of Today," Prof. Fred Merrifield, University of Chicago. Piano and Violin Selections, Mr. Jerome Feingold and Mr. Robert Sanders.

January 27

Business meeting, 8:00 p. m. Card Party, 9 p. m. Tickets 50c. Prizes.

February 9

Address, "Washington and Lincoln," 8:30 p. m. Mr. James Edgar Brown, L. L. B. of the Hamilton Club of Chicago. Musical Prelude, Vocal selections, Miss Francine Fuller, accompanied by Miss Ruth Johnson.

February 27

Business meeting, 8:00 p. m. Washington Party, 9:00 p. m. Dancing and refreshments.

March 10

Address, Mr. Dan B. Starkey, Editor, "Outer's Recreation." Subject to be announced. Vocal selections. Piano selections, Miss Romola Remus.

March 24

Business meeting, 8:00 p. m. The Temple Club will be hosts to the members of The Woman's Club and their escorts and the Board of Trustees, 9 p. m. Card Party, refreshments.

April 14

Adress, "The Best Book I have Read this Year," Dr. Preston Bradley, 8:30 p. m. Musical Prelude. Readings, Miss Beatrice Jordan.

April 28

Temple Club Spring Informal. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

May 12

Address, "The Romance of Business," Mr. W. M. Stickney, Vice President, Stanton Hoit and Co. Entertainment by Club talent.

May 23

Annual meeting, 8:00 p. m. Election of Officers. Committee Reports. Discussion of plans for next season. Dancing and refreshments.

This program will be supplemented by various other activities such as hikes, theater parties, Art gallery tours, Field Museum visits and field trips. The program committee has tried to plan a season's offering that will merit the interest and support of every young person interested in the work of The Peoples Church.

If you are interested in the work of the Club, Miss Beatrice Jordan, 912 Sunnyside Avenue, phone Sunnyside 5643, will be glad to tell you about it and if you will send her your name she will keep you informed of the activities.

—James H. Griffin, President.

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Then He called unto a thousand people and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth each bearing a gift of hope. The glow was in their eyes and in their hearts the glory of Hope.

And out of the bounty of earth and the labor of men, out of the longing of hearts and the prayers of souls, out of the memory of ages and the hopes of the world, God fashioned a Nation of Love: blessed it with purpose sublime and called it AMERICA.

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